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THE STUDENT'S PEN



October, 1930

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1931*



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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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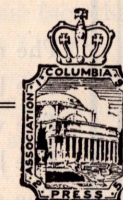


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Autumn Melody

The woods are bathed in colors
Of a glorious Autumn sheen
And beneath them is a carpet
More fair than Persian dream.
With a sigh like Lydian music,
Soft and low and sweet,
The leaves, like weary butterflies,
Drift softly down to sleep.

The mountains are deeper purple
The lakes, a deeper blue;
The winds are wild and wanton
The lawns are russet hue;
The air is full of twitterings
Of birds that southward wing.
We welcome the red-gold Autumn days
And the glorious gifts they bring.

Marjorie Clark



Here We Are Again

WITH this issue, *The Student's Pen* begins its thirty-seventh year of existence. Since its inception this magazine has been a publication of a high grade, its success being due to the support given by its readers, who have struggled to maintain a periodical which everyone eagerly looked forward to reading. In the past its contents have been most commendable, and this year, we hope to uphold the good name which the preceding staffs have earned.

For another year the staff must face the handicaps of the platoon system and meet when and where it can. But *The Pen* must be published in spite of obstacles. You can aid the group by your contributions. You can urge the shy artists, poets and writers who are hiding their genius to send in their work.

Our periodical is acclaimed as a magazine "published by the students of Pittsfield High School." Get out your fountain pens and resolve right away to join the Contributors' Club. See your literary efforts in print, and enjoy the thrill that comes with saying, "My work is in *The Pen*."

The Editor

Step on the Gas--No Parking Here!

"WHAT'S a matter of yuh?" I heard a policeman yell to a motorist whose car was at a standstill. "Th' green light's on—why don't yuh start? Yuh blockin' traffic! Get goin,' now!"

I should like to shout exactly the same thing to P. H. S. students. "What is the matter with you? The 'go' sign for school has replaced the 'stop' one, hung out (amid cheers) last June. Why don't you start? You are blocking progress. Get to work!"

It is hard to realize that summer has gone and school has begun again. It is difficult to stop remembering and day-dreaming about the good times of vacation. But stop we must, for to get any interest or enjoyment out of school life, we must concentrate on it alone. True, summer is pitifully short, but reminiscing and dreaming and wishing won't make it any longer. Summer and its diversions are over. We cannot progress if we are constantly looking backwards. We must look ahead to this school year which has just begun. A month, and over, of it has passed,—we should be well started, but few of us are.

For the classes that have just entered High, this is a double start. It is the beginning of a new school year and the beginning of their high school career. Therefore it is doubly important that they begin right. It is not only in printing that the first impression is the deepest. The impression that your teachers get of you right now, Sophomores, will remain about the same all through your course. So with the marks on your first report card. They are suggestive of your future record. Not that you can rest on past laurels. But a teacher can help you more if he has had any intimation that you can do good work if you want. If you do not show what you can do, he is apt to be discouraged and perhaps not give you the extra help or bit of praise that you need to lift you out of your rut. So show your best side now—and make this double start of yours the right kind.

As for the rest of us,—well, our minds have become rusty, evidently. We need to exercise them now as we did our bodies during the summer. The half-hearted way we're working now is "blocking traffic," as the irate policeman said. Those who haven't got their brain-engines going yet, who just "park" in their seats from eight to twelve-thirty, need to have a few "No Parking" signs put out before them. For some these have already appeared in the form of dread deficiency slips. We might as well start now, since we must eventually, and catch up to the others. All we need to do is to pour some good peppery gas and oil (Ambition is a good oil to use, and Interest and Alertness are the best gasolines) into those rusty brain-engines, step on the accelerator of good, hard work,—and go!

One of life's unfortunates of the lower class once said, "It's a heck of a life, but as long as you've got to live it you might as well do it right and enjoy it." The same thing applies to school. And to "do it right and enjoy it" we must take a real interest and pride in our work. That work began over a month ago. It is time we began really doing it instead of shirking and bluffing. Let's get started, I repeat. Or, in the language of the machine age;—"Step on the gas! No parking here!"

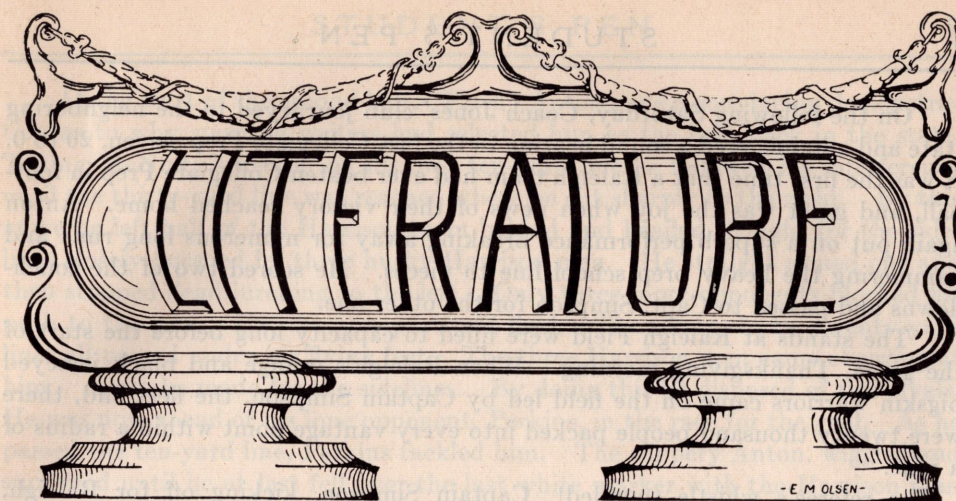
Ruth Hopkins, '32

Where, Oh Where?

LAST season, the Pittsfield High band, organized by Mr. Charles Smith, modestly made its first and last appearance at a football game. Its presence had been suggested by the Students' Council and, under the baton of a most capable leader, Henry Schacte, the band did its utmost in supplying music for the contest. Despite the biting cold, and difficulties in the transportation of the heavier instruments, this aggregation bravely endeavored to make itself heard about Wahconah Park.

Those who felt some pride in the school's having such a group are awaiting its reappearance again this season. The Pittsfield High musical organizations are assets to the school, as are *The Pen* and the Debating Club. All these groups meet under difficulties, and their efforts deserve much support and encouragement. Few high schools can boast of more loyal students than those at P. H. S., and this fine spirit is especially noticeable among our musicians. The boys give long hours to rehearsing; they are willing to play, and with proper training and experience, they will be a group of which we may well be proud. Now they are planning to secure uniforms, and through the cooperation of the students, these should be easily obtained. Snappy uniforms and snappy music will be a big addition to our games, and will help to win more victories for P. H. S. Let's get behind the band!

Edward Michelson



"Wide Awake"

GEE, that's going to be a tough blow on the team! Bye, bye, state championship, if that's the case," mused Tom Simpson, football captain, when informed that Joe Anton, star quarterback on the Raleigh High eleven, was having scholastic difficulties, and would in all probability fail on his next report card.

Mainly because of Anton's sensational work in the backfield during the first half of the season, Raleigh High had swept all opposition aside until it now loomed up as a real contender for state honors. It was true that Coach Jones' team had other good men but Anton was the "old reliable" as far as rabid Raleigh rooters were concerned.

Among the reserve backfield men was Carl Leary, a small lad weighing a mere one hundred and twenty-five pounds but possessed with a remarkable fighting spirit. Leary, a senior, was well liked by all but had never cut much of a figure in high school athletics.

When he learned that Anton was in danger, he became alarmed. If Anton was unable to play, Raleigh's chances for the coveted state title would be well nigh hopeless.

Consequently, Carl decided to act. That evening he paid a visit to the Anton home and upon finding "Joe" there, told him that he would like to help him in his work. It would be an easy matter since Carl was a good student and had had the work the year before. The varsity quarterback was pleased and heartily thanked the senior for his kind offer.

When Spaulding High was unexpectedly defeated by Carsonville, it was announced that the coming Harrison-Raleigh contest would decide the state title.

The eleven continued to work out daily but much concern was expressed over Anton's standing in class. However, under Carl's tutelage Anton showed a vast improvement and members of the junior class began to comment on his fine recitations.

In aiding "Joe," Leary had the best interests of Raleigh at heart. He knew that if the junior flunked out, he himself would undoubtedly draw the quarterback assignment in the Harrison game. But he also realized that such a thing would hurt Raleigh's chances of winning the state championship. Newspaper experts had continually played the team up as "a one man affair," and while this was not actually true, Raleigh players were sensible enough to realize that Anton was in a large measure responsible for their continued success.

After report cards were given out, Raleigh students breathed easier when they learned their star had passed in every subject. The battle was half won—watch out Harrison!

On the following Saturday, Coach Jones' club journeyed to the neighboring state and administered a sound beating to the fast Collegiate Prep eleven, 20 to 0. It was the first time that a Raleigh team had ever beaten Collegiate Prep in football, and great was the joy when news of their victory reached home. Anton again put on a superb performance breaking away for numerous long runs and hammering the heavy prep school line to pieces. He scored two of the touchdowns and passed to Capt. Simpson for the other one.

The stands at Raleigh Field were filled to capacity long before the start of the game, Thanksgiving morning. When Raleigh's orange and black jerseyed pigskin warriors came on the field led by Captain Simpson, the fleet end, there were twenty thousand people packed into every vantage point within a radius of a mile.

The referee's whistle sounded! Captain Simpson, kicking off for Raleigh, booted the leather to the visitor's fifteen yard line. Donahue, Harrison half-back, carried it to his own twenty-five-yard line where he was downed by "Bat" De Angelo, Raleigh's stellar guard.

On three line plays Harrison made a first down on their own thirty-seven-yard line. Then the home team's defense braced and the visitors were forced to punt. "Flash" Anton grabbed the flying sphere out of the air and brought it to mid-field before being stopped by the combined efforts of three opponents.

Immediately after the first line-up, the Raleigh star carried the ball around left end for fifteen yards and a first down. The Raleigh rooters were in an uproar. They sighted a touchdown and cheered madly.

Watson struggled through center for five yards. Esterwood added two more. It was third down and three to go for a first down. Anton carried the ball on an off tackle play but Johnson, the Harrison tackle, hit him so hard that he fumbled. Mac Andrews, visiting guard, recovered the ball on his own twenty-five-yard stripe.

The remainder of the first period was spent in punting. Neither team had a decided advantage although most of the playing was in the vicinity of Harrison's forty-yard-line.

Half way through the second period McNulty of Harrison intercepted a Raleigh pass on his own thirty-yard line and ran sixty yards to Raleigh's ten-yard line, where Anton brought him down from behind.

Here was the break! And Harrison grasped the opportunity to score. Perkins hit center for seven precious yards. Only three yards more! McNulty failed to gain. On a reverse play, however, Donahue dove through a big hole in the right side of the Raleigh line for a touchdown. McNulty tossed a forward pass to Clark for the extra point, and at the end of the first half, the scoreboard read:

Harrison 7

Raleigh 0

Between halves Coach Jones pointed out the weaknesses of the various men and made several substitutions in the line. Apparently the veteran mentor was disappointed with the showing of his team. He said nothing to Anton for "Joe" alone had played well. A back cannot gain unless the line opens up a hole and the Raleigh line was failing miserably.

At the start of the second half, "Flash" Anton gave a convincing demonstration as to why sporting writers had selected him as the best back in the state. Taking McNulty's kickoff on his own ten-yard line he followed his interference until the thirty-yard line was reached where he cut sharply to the right. By this move he left half of the Harrison team behind and headed straight for the sidelines closely pursued by three husky Harrison men. He straight armed one and then stopped dead lurching to the left. Only three more opponents blocked his path to the goal. He was now past mid field. The thirty, forty, twenty-yard lines all passed under his flying feet. The three Harrison men came charging at him. Again he made for the sidelines. By doing this he disposed of two rivals. He was now ahead of his lone opponent, Perkins, in the race for the goal. As he passed the ten-yard line, Perkins tackled him. The slippery Anton, wiggled and squirmed until he at last fell over the last white marker with the Harrison man hanging on.

The Raleigh supporters came to life and cheered wildly. But their cheers turned to groans a moment later when a bad pass from center ruined their chances of adding the extra point. Harrison breathed easier. They were still one point to the good!

Harrison received the kickoff but could not gain through the fighting Raleigh line and was forced to kick. Anton went back to his twenty-yard line for the high punt. He had not taken more than two steps when he was pinned to the ground by the two fleet Harrison ends. But what was the matter? Something was wrong out on the field.

"Dad" Jones rushed to the scene of the play and turned white at the sight that greeted his eyes. There lay his star, writhing in agony. It was quite obvious that he could play no more that day. A doctor was summoned and he informed the coach that Anton's leg in all probability was broken.

As he was carried from the game the assembled multitude rose and gave the crippled star the greatest ovation ever accorded an athlete at Raleigh Field.

The coach returned to the bench and motioned to Carl Leary to go in for Anton.

"Give them the best you've got, kid," said "Dad", "and if you get a break, take advantage of it. —Now get in there! I'm depending on you!"

The diminutive quarterback raced onto the field. He was determined he would not disappoint "Dad."

The two teams battled in mid-field for the rest of the third quarter. Neither one could gain consistently and so Harrison held a decided edge.

Carl piloted the team as well as Anton had done but the eleven missed "Joe's" ground gaining. But "Dad" was puzzled. The fourth period was going fast and Carl used nothing but straight thrusts at the line. Why didn't he open up?

About five minutes of playing time remained when Leary leaped into the air and intercepted a Harrison pass. By some fast broken field running he reached the visitors thirty-yard line before being stopped.

Opportunity was knocking. Would Raleigh answer? Carl sent Watson around left end for five yards. Then three center rushes netted six yards and it was first down on Harrison's nineteen yard line. Four more rushes made it first

down on the visitors eight-yard marker. Watson and Esterwood were doing all the ball carrying.

The Harrison line was set to stop these two and they felt certain Carl would call for another rush.

At this point of the game, the midget field general decided to rely on strategy. In the march down the field he noticed that the opposing linesmen, with the exception of Campbell, right tackle, were fighting like demons. Campbell had played very poorly and had missed many tackles. He seemed to go about his work in a half-hearted manner.

In the huddle Carl said, "I'm going to run a play through right tackle. Same formation. Jackson, go through and clear the secondary. I'm carrying the ball."

Carl barked the signals in rapid succession. The ball was snapped back. The lines clashed. The diminutive quarterback sped through the hole at right tackle. Jackson had taken out the defensive right halfback, but now the quarterback came charging at Leary. Just as he was about to be tackled on the two-yard line, he leaped through the air and landed in a heap over the goal. Raleigh was now leading 12 to 7.

What did it matter if the placement kick for point after went wide? The whistle blew before the teams could line up for the kick-off.

In the club house the victors were making merry. Carl was slapped on the back again and again. Coach Jones rushed in and made his way to Carl's side, "I want to congratulate you, 'Wide-Awake'. You didn't disappoint me," were his words of praise to the sharp-witted little senior.

R. O'Gara '31

The Mouse

MARY BROWNLEE excitedly pulled her beret over her golden curls. Her mother had received a telegram that morning, stating that her niece, Natalie Morton, would arrive in the afternoon. Nancy was excited beyond words at the prospect of having a South Sea Islander in her home, and she fairly flew to the waiting car, nearly upsetting the staid old butler in her haste.

"If she is anything like her father," said Mrs. Brownlee, "she will have blue eyes and dark curly hair—her father was quite handsome when he was young. I never saw her mother—she died shortly after Natalie's birth, as the result of a snakebite. I do hope, Nancy, you won't ever be a missionary's wife, especially in those islands. It's suicide, I tell you!" She nodded her head vigorously.

Presently they reached the station. It was dusty and hot, and the smoke hung over them like a pall, for there was no breeze. As usual the train was late and Nancy paced about impatiently as she waited for it to arrive.

She watched eagerly as the passengers alighted, and as their number slowly diminished, she became worried for fear Natalie had not come.

But no—a painfully small, slim figure, clad in a drab incongruously fashioned traveling suit of brown material, slowly descended the steps and looked around with a bewildered air. Timidly she gazed about her, shrinking from the noise and bustle on the platform, until her eyes encountered Nancy's.

Impetuously Nancy ran towards her, but not before she had gasped to her mother—

"Mother! She looks like a—mouse!"

Natalie gazed at her and in a tremulous yet melodious voice said, "You must be Nancy."

"Yes,"—cried Nancy, "and here's Mother!"

Mrs. Brownlee welcomed the girl, and as they drove home, asked—

"What's the matter?—Really, you mustn't feel strange with us. We've looked forward to your visit. How long does your father intend to have you stay?"

Natalie's brown little face whitened.

"Haven't you heard?" she almost whispered, "My dad's dead—Malaria—he got it while taking care of the sick natives. That's why I'm here—he didn't want me to stay there after he was—gone!" She turned and gazed at the landscape as it flew past.

Mrs. Brownlee caught her breath.

"I understand," she said softly, "and you're going to stay with me. I know we'll be happy!"

* * * * *

Natalie was duly introduced to Nancy's friends. She, however, beyond the fact that she had come from a South Sea Island made no impression on them. Because of her shy manner and drab clothing she was dubbed the "Mouse" by some of the boys. The name, being so appropriate, was taken up by other members of the crowd who, knowing that Natalie made no objection to it, used it at all times except in the presence of Mrs. Brownlee.

The Mouse generally spent her afternoons at the unfrequented beach near Mrs. Brownlee's estate. Here she would sit for hours gazing abstractedly towards the islands which had been her home for so many years. She never cried, but the despair and loneliness which at times filled her startlingly blue eyes spoke of misery beyond the aid of tears.

She often carried a guitar with her which she had brought from her former home. Nancy had never heard Natalie play it—no amount of persuasion could accomplish that.

One warmly glamorous July evening, Nancy was having a party. All the set was invited as well as many other guests. The Brownlee house, from which sounds of gayety issued, was a veritable blaze of lights.

Natalie stood before her mirror in a softly shimmering gown of orange taffeta and gossamer-like tulle, that clung to her slim body, making her seem like a dainty nymph.

She gazed critically into the mirror and gave a low laugh as she detected signs of admiration in the eyes which looked back at her.

"You look like a flaming brand from one of the beach fires back home," she said aloud and turned abruptly to the window.

Someone was at the door.

"Come in!" she called.

It was Nancy telling her to hurry, as the guests were arriving.

The Mouse helped Nancy greet the guests with an unmistakably self-conscious air. Suddenly, as she turned to greet a new arrival, she stepped back with a gasp.

"Rolly!"

"Why—Natalie!"

Two huge warm hands grasped her small slim ones. "Gee, I'm glad to see you! How's everyone back home? Your Dad! and the little old Island?"

"The fever got Dad."

Quickly she told him of her dad's death and of the events on the island.

They talked on—Natalie radiantly happy because some one understood, and Rolly eagerly listening for news from home.

Soon Mrs. Brownlee stepped to the center of the room, announcing she had a surprise.

"As you well know," she began, "the missionary society of which I am president, has called a convention of South Sea Island missionaries and their families. No doubt you are familiar with the two young people who are present this evening—Miss Natalie Morton, my niece, and Roland Hartman, both natives of islands in which their fathers labored as missionaries. Through the missionary society, I have been able to bring here some white children from the islands, and I'm sure that my two special guests will appreciate seeing their old friends!"

She turned to the butler who ushered in four boys.

"And now," Mrs. Brownlee continued, "I shall ask our guests to render a few native selections."

She withdrew and Natalie grasped Rolly's arm in perplexity.

"How can I go up there?" she whispered.

"Sure you can!" he reassured her, "got your guitar? Here's mine!"

"I—I'll send for it!" she said shakily, "but, honestly, I can't, they'll laugh—I can't sing—any more."

"Here—there's your guitar—now come on—the boys will be disappointed if you back out."

Reluctantly she agreed and ascended the makeshift stage.

They sang in the native language the song of the jewel-like islands, and once more they saw themselves around a flaming beach fire, with the waters of the sparkling ocean, softly lulling up the beach in its endeavors to touch the dancing flames. The darkly green jungle, formed a barbaric background to the ancient rites.

Natalie forgot the guests—all the pent up emotions of the past months surged outward in the wildly thrilling song—and the little mouse vanished and in its place appeared a new, vibrant creature in all her youthful, vivid beauty!

When Natalie had bidden her guests goodnight after a joyous evening, she fled to her room and locked the door.

She laughed joyously into the mirror and picking up the brown garments at her feet, she threw them into the closet.

"Lie there—Mouse!" she cried, "Natalie has come into her own."

Esther NicholSEN '32

"Much Ado About Nothing"

MRS. HARRIS looked troubled.

"I don't see how you can give the party here," she said. "Your grandmother is recuperating so slowly from this last heart attack that I really don't think she could stand the noise."

A shadow crossed her daughter's face. Always, ever since Nancy was a little girl, her grandmother's sick spells had upset family plans.

"But I've already asked the guests," she began rebelliously, when a memory of the suffering face in the room above stopped the words on her lips. "Oh, but it really doesn't matter" she hastened to add, "I'll run up now and see grandmother."

A minute later Nancy stood beside the sick bed and watched her grandmother toy listlessly with the daintily arranged tray. Her clear blue eyes regarded the slim girl by her side affectionately.

"I'm sorry about your party," she said quietly. "Your voices carried to me, you see, and have set me thinking. Couldn't you have it just the same? I couldn't stand the noise here, but there is another place. Where there is a will, there is a way you know."

"What do you mean?" inquired Nancy.

"Well I was thinking. Do you remember the old house I used to tell you about in Stephentown? It's not far from here and it has been shut up so long that it will be an ideal place for you. The furniture is all covered with white sheets and it won't take much to make it look ghostly, I can assure you. There is even a story that the people of the village tell. After your grandfather died, I came here to live with your mother. Your grandfather was a stern, quick-tempered, and miserly man, not well-liked by the people of the village. In fact, I do believe he was almost feared by them. They say his spirit guards the place so no one can harm his old possessions. Some even claim they have seen his shadow walking around inside at night. Of course, it's not true, but you could have a lot of fun," answered her grandmother.

"That's a great idea, grandma," declared Nancy as she rushed downstairs to tell her mother.

A half-hour later Nancy was busy writing her invitations.

"Can you come to my 'Where there is a will, there is a way' Halloween Party? It will be held in a haunted house in Stephentown, New York, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, Friday evening, October the thirty-first. Meet at my house at eight o'clock. Do not wear your best clothes."

Nancy Harris

Days of planning and preparation followed. Twenty-four guests had accepted.

Nancy, Adam Tearle, and Agnes Lane were busy going from Pittsfield to Stephentown every night. The house was a regular, old-fashioned one, with eighteen rooms in all, with a fireplace in almost every room, and no lights. The large main part of the first floor was cleared out, swept, and hung with evergreens, lanterns, and pumpkin heads. Long tables and benches were arranged at one end for supper while the center was left free for games and Halloween festivities.

Nancy was to meet her guests and bring them out in her car, and Roger Williams had offered his car also. So the transportation question was settled. Agnes and Adam were to go on ahead with the refreshments.

Friday night came at last. At eight-thirty, Agnes dressed in a gay, yellow gown stood in the doorway of the old house with Adam, who was dressed in a pair of old overalls that he had donned for the occasion. The tables were laden with salads, sandwiches, individual apple pies, molasses cake, and platters of salted nuts and little pumpkin candy. Back of the house was a mellow glow of light and color.

"We've certainly done wonders," declared Adam boastfully, "and we'll have ten times the fun we'd have at the other house. Doesn't my witch look real?"

He looked toward a bundle of hay that he had arrayed in a dashing black and yellow witch costume. It stood upright wearing a long, flopping coat and a high peaked hat.

A figure strode suddenly out of the gloom. Agnes saw it and grabbed Adam's arm.

"Oh!, Adam, what's th—that?" inquired Agnes in a frightened whisper.

"What's what?" demanded Adam, who had not yet seen the figure.

"That! !" declared Agnes as she pointed to the figure that was walking away in the distance.

"Oh, that's nothing, just a shadow," said Adam trying to quiet Agnes, who was very much frightened, for she as well as all the guests had been told the story of the walking spirit.

This incident, however, started Adam thinking. Perhaps after all there was something to the story although he didn't believe in ghosts and spirits, especially in walking ones.

"Adam," declared Agnes suddenly. "You can't make me think that was only a shadow. That was Nancy's grandfather's spirit and I'm going to tell Nancy, too."

"Now, Agnes, don't spoil the party. I don't believe it was anything anyway. I guess our imaginations are getting the best of us; besides this gloom helps it along. Let's think of something else" replied Adam.

The arrival of the two cars full of young people cut short the conversation and the party was soon in full swing. They danced and had a delightful time but Adam was very uneasy and kept glancing about as though he feared something was going to jump out at him. Every once in awhile he glanced at Agnes but she apparently had forgotten the incident which made Adam so anxious.

A few minutes later a girl, bearing a candle aloft to peer into a mirror hung on the wall to find the face of her future fate, lifted the flame too high. A banner of gay yellow bunting caught fire. For a half a second a wild panic reigned. The flimsy decorations seemed doomed. If they went, the house would ignite and would be rich fuel for the flames. Before the fire could spread, before any one else had thought of definite action, in fact, Adam sprang forward. With his two bare hands he tore down the gayly colored paper. He climbed up a pillar and pulled the burning trimmings loose. A second later the other fellows were smothering and stamping out the flaming mass on the floor and Adam soon found himself a hero.

"But I didn't do anything," he stammered protestingly. "See, I'm not even scorched."

"You were pretty quick-witted though," declared Nancy.

The excitement over, Nancy dimmed the lights to tell a ghost story. Adam, in no mood for a ghost story, slipped out after the figure he had seen earlier in the evening.

He walked about outside, trying to decide whether or not he should tell Nancy, when suddenly he looked into the house and saw a figure passing by the door. His heart stood still and he held his breath.

"There that thing is again," he thought, "this is getting on my nerves."

As soon as he thought it had faded into nowhere, he went into the house to see if the rest had seen it, but evidently they had neither seen the ghost nor missed Adam, so he sat down again with the rest.

After all the games had been played and the stories told, dancing was suggested as the next amusement.

"Come on, Nancy, let's have this dance," said Adam, as a snappy dance number was placed on the victrola that had been brought along for the purpose.

"O. K. Adam," replied Nancy as she got to her feet and the two glided across the bare floor.

Suddenly Adam felt Nancy grow tense in his arms.

"Oh!" cried Nancy in a loud voice; "look! what is it?"

Adam knew what it was without looking. The rest of the dancers had heard Nancy's cry and had stopped dancing.

"Where is it?" inquired Adam.

"There," replied Nancy pointing her finger at a shadow which resembled the figure of a man. "See he is walking toward us."

By this time the group was pretty well frightened, for instantly the story of Nancy's grandfather's spirit had popped into their minds.

"Let's go home," cried Betty Wilson. "I'm scared and I admit it which is something that none of you will admit."

"We're not scared, Betty. If we were we would admit it. Besides, none of us believes in ghosts, at least I don't. There must be someone trying to play a joke on us. Let's search the house," exclaimed Nancy.

This the boys set out to do, but after a long half-hour the searching party came back without the ghost.

"Couldn't find a thing," declared Pete Stone, one of the group.

"No, not even a mouse," added Roy Melvin, "so let's continue with the fun."

This was easier said than done, but by twelve o'clock the figure which seemed to walk into nowhere was forgotten until suddenly one of the girls screamed, "There it is again."

Adam was determined to find out what it was, so telling no one of his intentions he slipped away from the group and set out on a lone search. He could find nothing inside, so he went out hoping for better results.

He looked behind bushes, shrubs, and trees but his efforts were fruitless. Finally giving up the search he again joined the merry makers, but his mind was filled with the happenings of the night.

As he stood near a window he saw a car come around the corner. As it neared the house, the lights of the car fell on an angle of the house, which produced a shadow like that of a man, and as the car went into the distance, the shadow seemed to walk with it.

"I have it," declared Adam aloud.

"What have you?" inquired Agnes who stood near him.

"I have the mystery of Nancy's grandfather's spirit, of course," replied Adam.

"Ha! ha! listen to him," returned Agnes as she turned to the rest.

"Well, perhaps, he has," said Nancy earnestly. "What do you think it is Adam?"

And so Adam explained.

"I think you are right," said Nancy. "Let's watch for a car."

Although cars did not pass the house frequently, at last one came along.

"There it is," cried Nancy. "See, it is walking away as the car drives past. Gee, Adam, you're a wonder."

"Well," declared Adam, "the haunted house was not haunted by Nancy's grandfather, but by the people who drove past here in the evening."

"What do you say we eat and forget the ghost?" put in Pete Stone.

"Good idea!" spoke up Adam. "A very good idea."

And so Nancy's party was a success, more so because of the trailing of the imaginary ghost.

Phyllis Morrison '33

Just a Story

THIS story takes place in the gay nineties, when horses and buggies were used extensively, and rickety automobiles were stared at as the miracle of the age.

The plot concerns two young people, Mary and Bob, who were very much in love with each other. They intended to marry, but unfortunately Bob's financial condition was not promising. So with rebellious hearts but firm courage, they stolidly faced the future with hope. As months passed, Mary and Bob consoled themselves with plans for a little house, and busied their free hours selecting an ideal site for their "Dream Home." Finally, they decided on a lovely, shady spot. The reason they chose it was because of four tall oak trees that Mary fell in love with at first sight. Their beautiful thick-leaved branches had found a way to her heart, and it seemed as if the boughs beckoned to the lovers and urged them to go on with the Dream House.

Two years passed and none of their dreams had materialized. Every nook and corner of the intended home was planned, but still, lack of money kept them from fulfilling their dreams. Under the oaks, Mary and Bob spent many happy hours, and the thick boughs seemed to envelope them with friendliness, and give them fresh courage.

One bright, glaring day Mary developed a cold, and a few days later was confined to her bed with a severe case of pneumonia. A week passed, and she hovered on the very brink of death. The hours seemed endless to Bob, who was half-crazed with fear that he might lose her. It was a hot, sultry day that Mary died,

leaving a heartbroken Bob behind. She had fought valiantly to the end, but her weak struggling was pitted against the great forces of the unknown power, and with a last sigh, her frail, racked body was at peace. Before she succumbed, however, she made a reluctant Bob promise to see their "Dream House" through to the end.

A few months went by, and Bob had taken no steps to gratify his loved one's last wishes. He spent many hours under the oaks surrounding their make-believe home, mourning his loss. As the days passed, he felt that his only true friends were the beloved trees, and before long, he began to talk to them, muttering incoherent phrases. One night, as he sat beneath them, it seemed as if the trees were trying to talk to him. A gentle breeze fanned his hot cheeks, the beautiful boughs seemed to bend down and lay reassuring arms around him. The branches swayed to and fro, pleading with him to fulfill his promise to his sweetheart. Looking at them, Bob thought he saw Mary's gentle face in every leaf, and heard her urging him to go on with his neglected work. He immediately gained fresh courage, and with his haggard face a little less pinched, he set out to build the "Dream Home" with a light heart for the first time in months. And then, the impossible happened. His salary was raised by the enormous sum of five more dollars a week. He was not as happy as he might have been, for it seemed to Bob that the money came too late, as fate would have it, but he consoled himself with the thought that he could carry out Mary's last wish. He started on the house at once, and never was any material for a home selected with more care than for Mary's and his "Dream House." He worked day and night, allowing himself only a short time off, and those few precious hours he spent underneath the oaks, asking their advice about this and that particular part of the home.

Months flew by and the "Dream House" was completed. Every nook was as Mary had planned, and as Bob gazed on his masterpiece he felt a wave of satisfaction go over him. He was happy now, for it seemed as if his work had brought him nearer to Mary.

One night as Bob sat under his trees, he noticed something peculiar about them. Their limbs looked just as strong but there was an odd air surrounding them. He gave it up as part of his imagination, but as the days passed, the leaves began to fade to a rusty color; the branches drooped slowly to the ground, and he observed an intangible something about each one of them. Bob then knew as he watched his friends, that they were dying. He consulted different people about them but they gave him no hope. Each day the trees bent lower to the earth until their majestic beauty was lost forever. Bob tried all means to revive them but nothing helped, and finally, four withered stumps stood where the magnificent oaks had once proudly held sway.

From then on Bob failed in his health. Even the house lost its cheery look; it too seemed to mourn for its leafy companions. It appeared to Bob that all his work was of no avail, for in losing the trees, he had lost the spirit of Mary.

Weeks later he found the cause of the trees' dying. Some clay from rusted pipes running underground from the house had eaten into the roots of the trees and slowly decayed them. When Bob learned that through his carelessness the trees had died, he fell into a mood of dejection, and nothing could arouse him from his pitiful state. A few days later he was found in his bed—dead.

The town physician wrote on Bob's death certificate, "died—of heart trouble." Well, he was right, but you and I know that Bob died of a—broken heart.

Florence Vincent '32

On Jumping From a Hay Mow

HAVE you ever jumped from a hay mow? Have you ever taken off into space from some precarious position on a roof beam, with that exhilarating feeling of flight? Have you ever experienced that awful, nerve-thrilling sensation of falling through the Universe with incredible speed, with no ties of planet-attracting force to direct your course? Have you ever heard the music of the spheres, ringing faintly in a sweet, melodious monotone, against your eardrums as you fall? And, then, have you ever landed, loose-jointedly, with the smothering, white dust particles swirling about you, disturbed by your impact with the hay, as, perhaps, the small inhabitants of some lilliput sphere would swirl, upon your jotting arrival?

Have you ever rested where you lay, knowing a quick sensation of emptiness, and a half unconscious feeling of regret that the journey is over, of desire for a repetition of the experience, without fully realizing why?

If you have, my friend, yours is the gain of an undefinable something, which you can never lose. It is a wonderful experience; not so much the mental exertion necessary to raise the courage to the needed pitch for taking the plunge, not so much the physical energy released by the leap, by the breathtaking flight, by the abrupt landing, but more, the feeling of freedom which remains with you—the knowledge of a trip which *you* can take, short, to be sure, but long enough to create a new sensation and to sponsor unusual ramblings of the mind, a result which no lengthy automobile tour could accomplish.

Perhaps you are tired of the everyday and the commonplace. Perhaps you are bored, and feel the need of a new incentive to serve as the nucleus of a novel train of thought. Perhaps you are simply languid, lacking the "pep," and the "go" which should be yours. If your case is represented by any one of these, if you are sufficiently interested to drag your enfeebled and ennui-poisoned body to some friendly barn, and if you can raise the physical and moral courage to take the plunge, I guarantee a complete and lasting cure.

Pauline Goodell '31

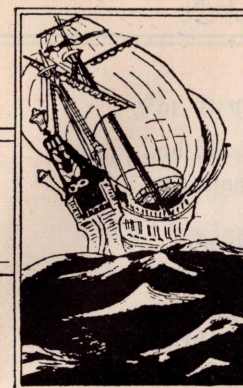
Frightened

Spring is far more tender
Summer far more gay
Winter more exciting
Yet Fall holds her sway.

There are many love her
(No, I am not one)
More than any other
Season of the sun.

Those who love her, tell me,
Are you never at all
Frightened, awed, as I am,
By the stately Fall?

Ruth Hopkins '32



POETRY

To Autumn

O dark and regal beauty,
With clinging yellow gown,
O queen of generous plenty,
With jeweled golden crown,—

Say why I prefer to you

A poor and simple maiden,
A country-girl come o'er the hill
With early flowers laden.

Are not the fruits you bring to us,
Your riches, plenty, peace,
More useful far than country flowers,
More fair than country geese?

When you in all your glory
From summer's ashes rise,
Why should I be dreaming
Of Spring's disturbing eyes?

Yet flaunt your riches, queenly Fall,
Let those admire who will,—
I'm waiting for a country-maid
To wander o'er the hill.

Ruth Hopkins '32

Summer Colloguy

"Why sit you here, my lass?" said he.
 "I love the cool green grass," said she;
 "I lie upon the ground all day
 And dream of things far far away.
 You know I find extreme delight
 In gazing at the stars each night.
 But Mother Moon sends me a thrill
 That causes heart and eyes to fill
 With bubbling joy and singing life
 That follow the victorious strife.
 Now look up in that poplar tree
 The oriole and robin see—
 But stand and listen to their song
 Each note it lingers clear and long!
 I never know a time so dear
 As when the birds are flocking near."
 "Your thoughts are nobly said, my lass;
 I also love the cool green grass."

*Michael Arpante***"September"**

September with her tinted sky,
 Softly whispered sweet goodbye,
 And with her gentle gracious nod
 Stooped to kiss the golden rod.

"October"

October brings her autumn breeze
 To nip the leaves on all the trees,
 And turns them yellow, gold, and brown,
 Before they flutter to the ground.

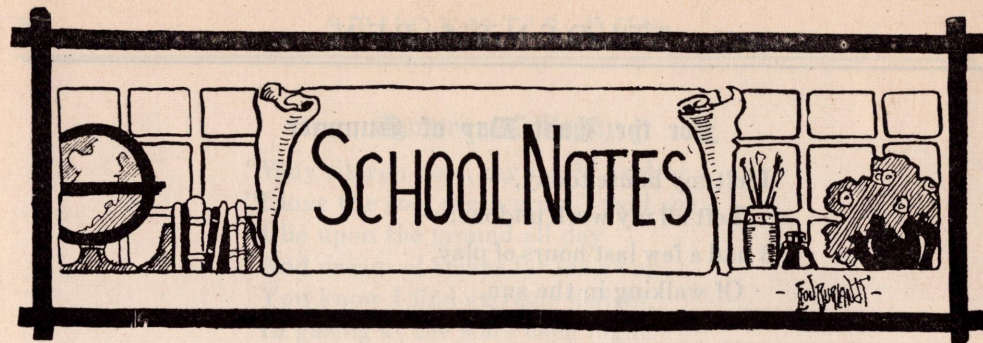
*Dorothy Crowley '32***Autumn**

Cool winds are blowing everywhere;
 Down come the golden leaves;
 Like yellow birds they sail along
 On every vagrant breeze.

*Bertha Levine '31***For the Last Day of Summer**

I left my house today,—
 Left all my work undone;—
 I had a few last hours of play,
 Of walking in the sun.

*Summer is gone,**Summer is dead.**No one shall know how I mourn her;—**I can laugh and work and even pretend**That I can forget her or scorn her.**I walked and walked and walked**Till I found a fairy place**Where the blades of grass all talked**And each flower was a smiling face.**There I said goodbye to Summer,**To the things I'd loved so dear,—**I laid them by without a murmur**To wait until next year.**New summers will come,—**Never this one again.**Make me forget, Fall leaves;—**Forget, Autumn rain!**I whistled and sang on my homeward way**I didn't act sad at all**And no one could guess that I'd been that day**To a dear friend's funeral.**Summer is dead,**Summer is gone.**Hush your gold trumpets, Fall,—**Let the chief mourner mourn.**Ruth Hopkins '32*



New Instructors at Pittsfield High School

The faculty and student body of Pittsfield High welcome the following new teachers:

Mr. Arthur P. Goodwin, a graduate of Amherst College, who is going to teach geometry, history, and commercial geography.

Mr. James W. Meehan, instructor of history and commercial geography, who previously taught at Pomeroy Junior High. Mr. Meehan is a graduate of the Catholic Union College.

Miss Frances M. Downey, a graduate of the Boston University, who teaches bookkeeping. Miss Downey formerly taught at the Hardwick High School at Gilbertville, Mass.

Miss Patricia Gillespie, a graduate of the Salem Normal School, who is teaching shorthand and typewriting.

Mr. Joseph Canavan, who is a graduate of Holy Cross College and Notre Dame College. Mr. Canavan is teaching history and economics.

Mr. Clarence T. Carey, a graduate of Holy Cross College, who is teaching Latin and English.

Dorothy Crowley '32

Meeting of the Senior A Class

The Senior A class held a meeting Friday, September 19, 1930 in the Lecture Room for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. The following officers were elected: President, Henry Schacte; Vice president, Forrest Lessor; Secretary, Rita Fahren; Treasurer, Adele Koscher.

The class has decided to have a play to raise the necessary funds for graduation. The president is to appoint a committee to take charge of the play. As there were no other matters to be discussed, the meeting was adjourned.

Bertha Levine '31

Senior B Class Meeting

A meeting of the Senior B class was held in the auditorium on Tuesday, September 23. Fred Calderwood was re-elected president, while Richard Ryan was elected vice president, Margaret Manvel, secretary, and Orington Tubbs, treasurer. Mr. Geary was again chosen for class adviser.

Floyd Hinckley, a member of the Sophomore A class was recently selected to represent the afternoon session in the Athletic Council.

Junior A Class Meeting

A meeting of the Junior A class was held on Thursday, October 2, in the auditorium. All the officers of last term, Calvin Hannum, president; Frank Wetstein, vice president; Alan Shepardson, treasurer; and Betty Brown, secretary, were re-elected. This group, together with Marjorie Ranshousen and Eunice Philips, form the executive committee of the class. Frank Wetstein, Ruth Cronin, Betty Brown and Alan Shepardson were appointed as a committee to discover some means for raising money.

Dorothy A. Stokes '32

Meeting of Junior B Class

The meeting of the Junior B class was held on Tuesday, September 30, 1930 at 12.30 for the purpose of electing officers. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Ford, who made a few suggestions regarding the manner of nominating class officers.

The class decided that a nominating committee of three boys and three girls should be elected. The committee was as follows: Edward Hickey, William Greenwood, Foster McRell, Helen Coons, Katherine Truden, and Elinor Buck. The meeting was adjourned with the intentions of meeting the next week to vote for the officers selected by the committee.

A second meeting of the Junior B Class was held on Tuesday, October 7, 1930 at 12.30. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Ford who called upon the nominating committee for the list of names which they were asked to bring in. The class voted and agreed upon the following class officers: President, Edward Hickey; Vice president, Robert Canfield; Secretary, Elinor Buck; Treasurer, Grace De Voe; Class Adviser, Myron Herrick.

The meeting was adjourned at 12.45 o'clock.

Marie Provost '32

Minutes of the Student's Council Meeting

September 26:

The first meeting of the Student's Council was held in the auditorium, first period. President Henry Schacte named the following committees.

Executive: Thomas Joyce, Genuna Duri, Fred Calderwood, Joseph Nilan and Henry Schacte.

Assembly: Roger O'Gara, chairman, William Coty, and Allen Shepardson.

Traffic: Fred Calderwood, chairman, Frank Wetstein, and Calvin Hannum.

Mr. Strout suggested that the football games be placarded, and the results of the games be placed on the Bulletin Monday mornings.

A short discussion was held on the provision of the constitution for the election of new members, and the question of whether the council was in favor of changing the method was brought up.

A discussion was held concerning the School board and its preparations.

Gemma Duri '31, Secretary



Assembly on Wednesday September 17

On Wednesday September 17, 1930 an assembly was held for the morning session at 8 o'clock, while for the afternoon session one was held at 4.30 o'clock. Dr. Wakefield from the Mass. Dept. of Health representing the Chadwick clinic for tuberculosis was the speaker. He was introduced by Principal R. M. Strout. Dr. Wakefield spoke before an assembly at the high school last March, and so this time only briefly summarized the work of the Chadwick clinic.

The work of the clinic is to visit the schools of Massachusetts, examine the boys and girls to determine whether they have any symptoms of T. B. or have had it at any time. If it is found that there are any indications of the disease, necessary steps will be taken to effect a cure before it is too late.

On Friday, September 19, Dr. Wakefield, with his group of doctors and nurses, examined all those who had filled out the necessary paper last spring.

Dorothy Stokes '32

Rally for the Pittsfield-Agawam High Game September 27

A rally for the game between Pittsfield High and Agawam High was held for both sessions, first period, Friday, September 26. William Greenwood was chairman. The speakers were William Andrews, who urged the school to

attend the initial game of the season, and John (Jack) Madden, a member of the team, who spoke about the team and its prospects for the coming year, and Coach "Chuck" Stewart, who also urged the school to attend the opening game as well as the others away from town or at home. William Rayner and William Greenwood led the student body in cheers.

Dorothy Stokes '32

Assembly for Sophomores

The annual welcome assembly for sophomores was held in the auditorium on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 8th. Roger O'Gara presided and after delivering a short address of welcome, he introduced Thomas Joyce, who told the newcomers about the activities of the Student's Council. William Andrews spoke for the Debating Club and invited the sophomores to join this organization. Edward Michelson, editor of the *Student's Pen*, asked the sophomores to contribute to the magazine and said that the percentage of contributors in the sophomore class in past years was entirely too small. William Greenwood represented the newly formed Athletic Council and urged the sophomores to back the athletic teams at P. H. S. Henry Schacte appeared for the school band and requested the aid of the incoming students in the formation of the band. The last speaker was Richard Eby, a member of the orchestra, who expressed hope that a large number of musically inclined sophomores would join this organization.

Upperclassmen hope that the sophomores will do their part in maintaining the high standard of these organizations. There is no reason why the sophomores should not take a very active part in the school activities since this year's class is the largest in the history of the school.

Assembly on October 15

An assembly for Latin students, and for members and friends of the Phi Beta Kappa honorary fraternity was held in the auditorium, third period October 15, in observance of Vergil's bimillennial. Mr. Harlan H. Ballard spoke of the great poet and presented to the school a copy of his own translation of the "Aeneid" and a book of speeches made by members of the Phi Beta Kappa society. William Andrews, who introduced Mr. Ballard, accepted the gifts on behalf of the school. The speaker is a prominent Latin scholar having published a complete translation of Vergil's works.

Dorothy Stokes '32

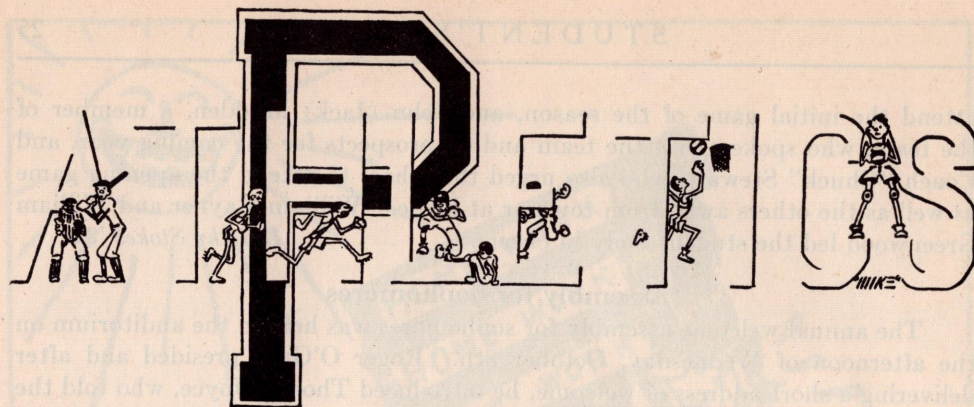
Debating Club News

The Debating Club has organized for the year and will hold meetings every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. The club's adviser this year is Mr. Lynch, who succeeded Mr. Allen, last year's adviser, in the science department. Members of the club realize that the loss of Mr. Allen was a severe one, but feel fortunate in securing such a capable successor in Mr. Lynch.

The club hopes to enjoy a very successful season under Mr. Lynch's guidance. Last year the team reached the finals in the county league but was defeated by Adams. If the boys are as successful this year, they will feel satisfied.

The enrollment at present is very small and a cordial invitation is extended to all who are in any way interested in debating to join the club.

Officers for the coming year are: President, Thomas Joyce; Vice President, William Andrews; Secretary, Edward Michelson.



The Football Outlook

Prospects of a winning football team at P. H. S. this season are very bright. Seven lettermen from last year's eleven, which won the county championship, are back, while many of the other boys on the squad have had some experience.

Captain "Tommy" Curtin and "Joe" Nilan will hold down two backfield posts, while "Don" Kelly and little "Johnny" Spasyk seem to have the edge on the other backfield candidates for the two remaining positions. "Andy" Corrinet and "Dick" Ryan, outstanding candidates for ends, gained considerable experience last season, the former securing his letter. Other promising wingmen include Lessor, a senior, and Marchisio, of last year's sophomore team.

"Stew" Tobey and "Jack" White, veterans, will be seen at center and tackle respectively. Other boys making strong bids for line jobs are "Connie" Philipson, a letterman, Canfield, Dupuis, Fraser, Chiodo, Larsen, Anderson, Allen, and Martin, the last four named being members of last year's sophomore squad.

"Joe" Woitkoski, a junior, is showing to advantage at the pivot position for the second team. Woitkowski is a good punter. Capt. Curtin will do most of the kicking this fall.

"Red" Haskins, Dixon, Ayres, Flaherty, "Ray" Smith, and Earle are backfield men who have done good work in the practice sessions to date.

Coach Charles E. (Chuck) Stewart has been sending the squad through daily workouts at the Dorothy Deming Playground and figures he has a team which will rank with the best.

The schedule:

September 27th, Agawam at home; October 4th, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; October 11th, New Britain at home; October 18th, open; October 25th, St. Peters of Worcester at home; November 1st, Drury at North Adams at home; November 8th, Stockbridge Aggies at Amherst; November 15, Dalton High at Dalton; November 22nd, Adams High at Adams; November 29th, St. Joseph's High, Pittsfield.

R. O'Gara

Our Captains

Four Seniors will lead P. H. S. athletic teams during the season of 1930-31. Last season the championship football team elected "Tommy" Curtin, quarterback, captain for this season. Curtin was an outstanding player and an All-Berkshire selection last year, and should have a great season this fall.

"Joe" Nilan, Pittsfield High's only four letter man, will lead the hoop team. Joe stars at football, baseball, and track as well as basketball. He plays a guard position.

The baseball team selected "Jack" Madden, hard-working third baseman, to lead them in 1931. Jack is a good fielder and hits the ball hard.

"Jack" White, shot putter and discus thrower, will lead the track team next spring.

All four of these boys should prove to be capable leaders and there is reason to believe that P. H. S. will enjoy a banner year in athletics. *Sports Editor*

Pittsfield 6—Agawam 0

Pittsfield High opened its season by downing the fast Agawam eleven, 6 to 0, at Wahconah Park, Saturday, September 27th.

After an exchange of punts early in the first period, "Jack" White, left tackle, blocked an Agawam kick on the visitors' eleven-yard line. Two line plays netted five yards, and Captain "Tommy" Curtin carried the ball six yards around right end for the only score of the game. The try for the extra point on a rush failed.

Soon after the second quarter had started, "Joe" Nilan, our star fullback, received a blow on the head which forced him to retire. "Norm" NicholSEN relieved him and put up a fine defensive game.

Coach Stewart's team threatened to score again in the fourth quarter. Taking the ball on Agawam's thirty-five yard line, his boys marched to the thirteen-yard marker where the visiting team's defense braced. "Tom" Curtin's attempt at a field goal was wide and the ball was put in play on Agawam's twenty-yard line.

Agawam's sole scoring threat came late in the fourth quarter when they carried the ball to Pittsfield's twenty-yard line. Our team took the ball on downs and the game soon ended.

Pittsfield outrushed the losers, registering six first downs to two for Agawam. Both teams played straight football using line plays throughout the contest. But two forward passes were attempted—both by Pittsfield. One was intercepted, the other complete. Each club successfully completed laterals, but for only small gains. Curtin featured on the offensive while White, Tobey, Ryan, and Spasyk were outstanding in defensive tactics. Wanewiski was the hero of the day for Agawam. The lineups:

PITTSFIELD

Corrinet, l.e.
White, l.t.
Canfield, Philipson, l.g.
Tobey, c.
Allen, Fraser, r.g.
Martin, Larsen, r.t.
Ryan, r.e.
Curtin, q.b.
Kelly, l.h.b.
Spasyk, r.h.b.
Nilan, NicholSEN, f.b.

AGAWAM

r.e., Mosley
r.t., Pilck
r.g., Roos
c, Benoit
l.g., Parent, Brockett
l.t., Jenks
l.e., Provost
q.b., Bodman
r.h.b., Jones
l.h.b., Fournier
f.b., Wanlieuski

Touchdown—Curtin P. H. S. Referee—George Childs, Pittsfield. Umpire—Charles Stephenson, Sheffield. Head Linesman—A. Salo, Pittsfield. Time—15 minute quarters.

Poughkeepsie 7—Pittsfield 0

Coach Charles Stewart's fast stepping football team lost for the first time this season at Poughkeepsie (N. Y.), Saturday, October 4th. The Empire State team won out by a score of 7 to 0.

The lone score of the game came late in the second quarter when Hess, the star fullback of the winners, skirted left end for ten yards after his team had brought the ball from their own twenty-five-yard line on three perfectly executed forward passes. This same player rushed the ball for the extra point.

Much of the remaining time was spent in a kicking duel between Hess and Curtin, with the latter having the advantage, but to no avail, as our club could not gain consistently through the heavy Poughkeepsie line.

Hess and Scotty, diminutive halfbacks were Poughkeepsies best bets. Captain "Tom" Curtin and "Joe" Nilan showed up well in the Pittsfield back-field, while "Stew" Tobey and "Jack" White put up their usual fine defensive games. The wing play of Ryan and Corrinet was also very good. The score:

POUGHKEEPSIE

Zummer, Quibb, l.e.

Relyear, Schilitzer, l.t.

Murphy, Scott, l.g.

Peelor, Hopkins, c.

Papastrat, Taylor, r.g.

Worona, r.t.

Effron, McGlaughlin, r.e.

Gage, q.b.

Gaston, Frieze, l.h.b.

Schlude, Scotty, r.h.b.

Hess, f.b.

PITTSFIELD

r.e., Ryan, Anderson

r.t., Larson, Martin, Dupuis, Tobey

r.g., Allen, Fraser

c., Tobey, Dixon

l.g., Phillipson, Canfield, Madden

l.t., White

l.e., Corrinet, Marchisio

q.b., Curtin

r.h.b., Spasyk, Wotkoski, Haskins

l.h.b., Kelly

f.b., Nilan

Score: Poughkeepsie 7—Pittsfield 0.

Touchdown—Hess. Point after touchdown—Hess. Referee—Dailey of Newburgh. Umpire—Lewis of Colgate. Head Linesman—Forse of Cornell.

Pittsfield 7—New Britain 0

Every part of Coach Stewart's smooth working football machine functioned perfectly on the afternoon of October 11th when a heavy New Britain team went down to defeat before a large crowd at Wahconah Park. The work of the home athletes surpassed the expectations of their fondest admirers and loud was the praise of Captain Curtin and his mates.

Play was quite even during the first half and both teams punted frequently.

The break of the game came when Curtin recovered Zaleski's fumble on the New Britain 49 yard line late in the third quarter. "Joe" Nilan advanced the ball six yards into enemy territory on a long end run and then a long forward pass, Curtin to Woitkowski, put the ball on the visitor's ten-yard line. Captain Curtin went off tackle for seven yards and the ball was on New Britain's 3-yard line as the quarter ended.

On the first play of the fourth quarter Curtin slipped past the Connecticut team's right tackle for a touchdown. With Curtin back in kicking formation Nilan rushed the ball over for the extra point.

"Tom" Curtin, "Joe" Nilan, "Jack" White, "Andy" Corrinet, and "Stew" Tobey played their usual fine games. While several new men also showed up well. "Joe" Woitkowski was outstanding because of his ability to snare forward passes, those tossed by team mates and also enemy aerals. Twice this boy saved the P. H. S. cause by intercepting New Britain passes at an opportune time. Other new players who played well were Marchisio and Dixon. Captain Ludwinowicz, Flood, and Dabkowski were the visitor's best men.

The lineups:

PITTSFIELD

Corrinet, l.e.

White, l.t.

Madden, Canfield, Dixon

Tobey, Dixon, c.

Fraser, Allen, Philipson, r.g.

Martin, Larson, Tobey, r.t.

Marchisio, r.e.

Curtin (Capt.), q.b.

Ayres, Spasyk, l.h.b.

Haskins, Nilan, Woitkowski, r.h.b.

Smith, Kelly, Woitkowski, Nilan, f.b.

NEW BRITAIN

r.e., Mangan

r.t., Moore

r.g., Weizowitz, Pittsinger

c., Parda

l.g., Zimitravich

l.t., Ludwinowicz (Capt.)

l.e., Gramitt

q.b., Zaleski

r.h.b., Flood

l.h.b., Kloiber

f.b., Dabkowski

Touchdown—Curtin. Point after touchdown—Nilan (by rushing). Referee—Carmody. Umpire—Salo. Head linesman—McNiece. Time—10 minute quarters.

Roger O'Gara

Ryan Out For Season

"Dick" Ryan, star Pittsfield High right end, will be out of the game for the rest of the season owing to a fractured wrist sustained in a practice scrimmage. "Dick" put up a high grade brand of football in the Agawam and Poughkeepsie games and big things were expected from him in the coming contests.

His place has been taken by Marchisio, promising junior end, who played a whale of a game against New Britain.

Schacte: "Who put the statue under the sink at your house, yesterday?"

Calderwood: "That wasn't a statue; that was a plumber."

* * * *

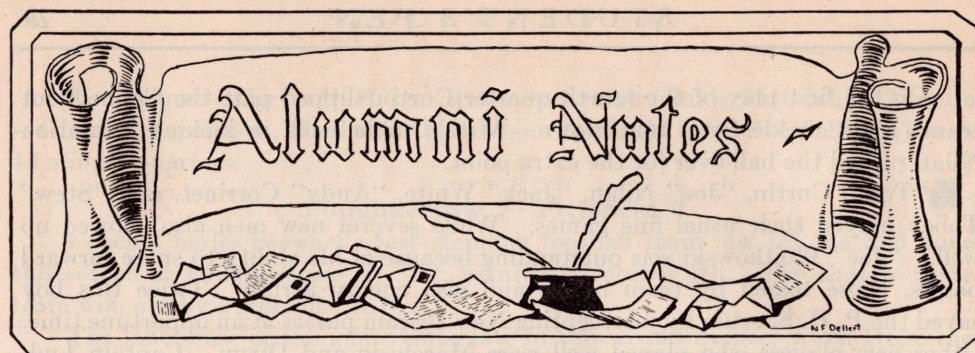
Father: "I like that young fellow you go with. I told him to drop around for supper in his working clothes."

G. Hoyt: "Oh, Dad, he's a swimming instructor!"

* * * *

Mr. Smith: "This music should be played with gusto."

Eby: "If you don't mind, I'd rather play it alone."



'30 Eino Huronen, 'varsity track man and ex-halfback star, has entered the University of Georgia.

Edward Archey, former acting captain of the football eleven, has entered Providence College.

Jonathan England, president of Student Council last year, has entered Phillips Andover Academy.

Victor Wagner, president of the June class, has entered Stanton Military Institute, preparatory to entering West Point.

Sidney Smith, February president, has entered Colby College at Waterville, Me.

Elizabeth Thompson has entered Miss Farmer's School in Boston.

Rita Belle Mirmow, valedictorian of the June class, has entered Barnard College.

Simeon Decelles, Alfred Jenny, and King Chittenden recently entered Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute at Troy.

Wilbur Foote, valedictorian of the February class, has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge.

George Pender and Michael Condrion have entered Holy Cross College.

'29 Albert England, salutatorian of the February class, is a sophomore at Harvard, where he was on the Dean's list last year.

Samuel Duker, also a member of the sophomore class at Harvard, is on the Dean's list. Duker, who was valedictorian of the February, 1929 class, is working his way through Harvard, and his record is highly creditable. Duker came to America from Russia only nine years ago.

Paul Wetstein has returned to Dartmouth College at Hanover where he is a sophomore.

Robert Newman, editor of "Drippings from The Pen" and once joke-editor, is enrolled as a member of the freshman class at Dartmouth.

Vera Victoreen, editor of *The Pen* in her senior year, has returned to Boston University for her second year. Miss Victoreen was an honor student there last year and is on the editorial staff of B. U. News.

'28 George Beebe has returned to Boston University, where he is a member of the junior class. Beebe was editor of the *Student's Pen* at P. H. S. and is now on the editorial staff of the "Bean Pot."

'27 Herbert Volin, who is a junior at Purdue University has received an appointment as second lieutenant in the R. O. T. C., a military organization at that institution.



Greetings!

TWO years ago a desperate lunatic escaped from the dangerous ward at Northampton. A few weeks later the "Children's Column" made its first bow to an awe-stricken public. The intellectual student body, seeing this article, was stunned by its brilliance.

Strangely enough, its short but meteoric career came to an abrupt end coincidental with the recapture of the demented one. There followed a brief but sorrowful period in the lives of the students.

However, a public which knows, a public which chooses, a public which cannot long be denied, has demanded more of the same.

The column is now revived by a compatriot of the aforesaid non compos mentis—as P. G.

James Donna

Copied From an Original by Michael Angelo

THE picture heading this column is from a daguerrotype unearthed by a workman excavating ground for the new high school, and is believed to be an original executed by Michael Angelo while at the height of his career.

King Arthur's little son, Edgar, has just taught the dragon to do a handstand and is rushing to tell his father. As may be seen by his appearance, he is a sophomore. He is dressed in the habileaments then worn by students attending the high school at Camelot. (N. B. A return to this mode of dress is advocated as being most appropriate for the present day sophomore).

As may be seen by the mournful expression on his fine intellectual features, King Arthur is reading either the obituary column or the stock reports. The three balls on the king's crown are believed to have been equivalent to the three balls over a pawnshop.

The dragon, as you see, is of the monoplane type, and is doing his best to hold his handstand until the king sees it.

James Donna

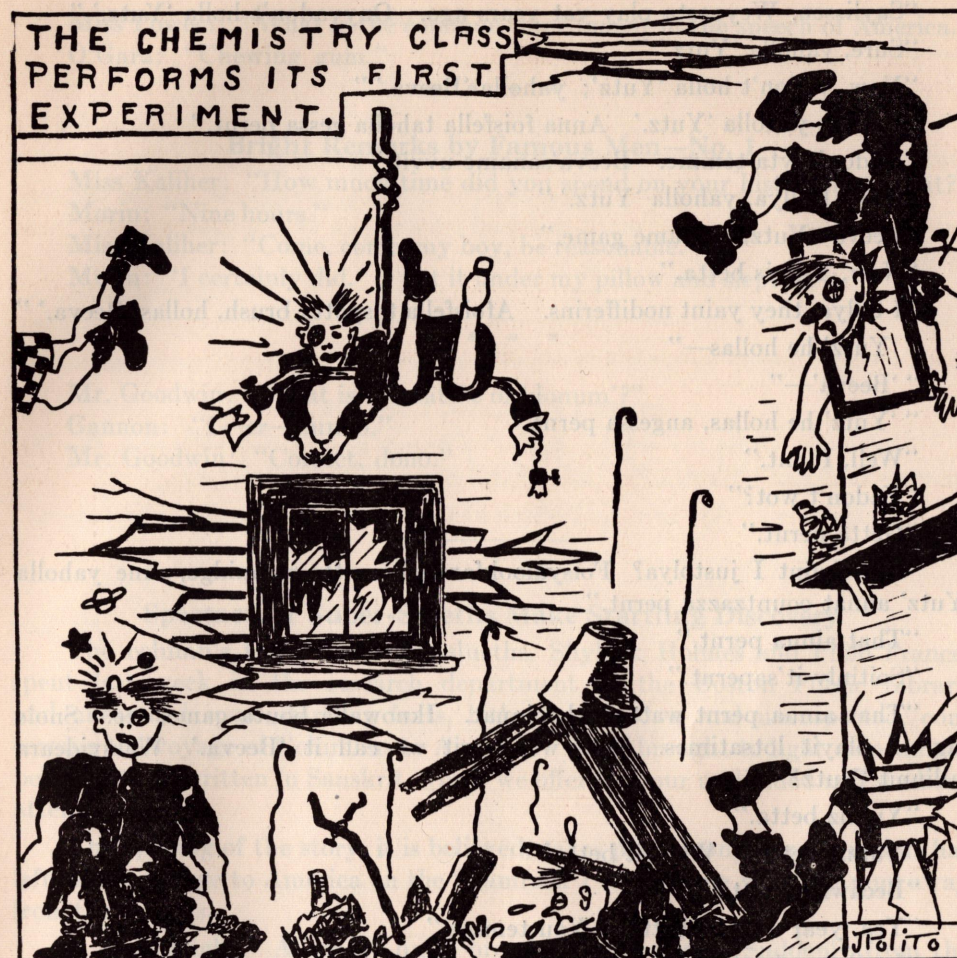
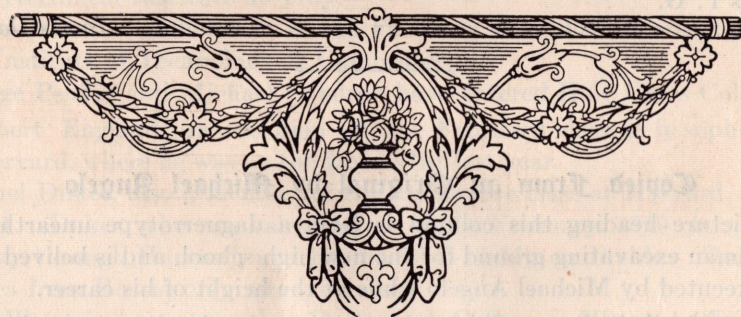
A Fairy Tale

well children the *student's pen* has run out of capital letters so uncle jimmie's fairy story must be in small type. this children is known as capital punishment.

things are pretty hard for uncle jimmie's fairy tales. there is a new high school and there is grass on the common and there is no lunch hour and the sophomores go to school in the afternoon so there is really no material to work on. however children your uncle james never says die and you shall have your fairy story.

one nice warm morning in october only one pupil was late (now edgar never mind how I found out) and nobody moved on the warning bells and none of the teachers said now children this is the fifth week and deficiencies will be out soon and mr. herrick didn't break any chalk and mr. herberg didn't say this one is put in to fill out the test and nobody played the piano during study periods and the janitor didn't have to prop up the stairs. and now children if you are back from the night club at one o'clock uncle jimmie will tell you another fairy story next month.

uncle jimmie



Lesson in New Yorkese

"Sowenya seeaguy witha beerd, yaholla 'Yutz.'"

"Chawanna dowatfa?"

"Issa game. Abuncha guys gazout lookinfa beerd, anwenney spotta beerd afoisfella taholla 'Yutz' gessa pernt."

"Souns kina dopey, donnit?"

"Yabe saprist hommuch theyyizzinnit."

"Wellif yarafta gamblin, samatta wit shootinabones?"

"Shootinabones isawwright, buttidamean gamblin. I mean reggala gukklean spawt."

"Iffats yarideara gukklean spawt, Istickta yellin 'aggoilsonna cawna.'"

"Aw yellin 'aggoilsonna cawna' izza dopey stunt. Izzizza game, see? Afoisfella taholla 'Yutz' gessa pernt. Anna guy witta beerd gessore."

"Saylissen. Weyoosta play yat years ago. Onyyadon't holla 'Yutz.' "

"Sure, yaholla 'Yutz.' "

"Now, yadon't holla 'Yutz'; yaholla 'Beeva.' "

"I tellya yaholla 'Yutz.' Anna foisfella taholla gessa pernt."

"Yadon'tavta temme. Beeva'saname uvvit."

"Naw, Itellya, yaholla 'Yutz.' "

"Beeva aYutz, issasame game."

"Naw, Yutzis betta."

"I tellya, they yaint nodifferins. Afoisfella taspotta brush, hollas 'Beeva.' "

"'Yutz' he hollas—"

"'Beeva'—"

"'Yutz' he hollas, angessa pernt."

"Well, Idont."

"Yadon't wot?"

"Getta pernt."

"Gawshaint I justolya? Foisylookfara fella witta spinnidge, anne yaholla 'Yutz' annat countzazza pernt."

"That ainna pernt."

"Soitinly it'sapernt."

"That ainna pernt wattom drivinnat. Iknowalla bouta game, see. Snole gag. I playit lotsatimes. Wen weplayyit we call it 'Beeva.' Wassyideara callinnit 'Yutz?'"

"Yutziz betta."

"Yutziz betta? Whizzit betta?"

"Becawzits betta."

"Yea, year wyizzit betta? You temme."

"I tellya. I tellya."

"Yeah, Gowannan temme. Swattawanna know. Wyiz 'Yutz' bettern 'Beeva?'"

"Well . . . Well . . . Wanya seeaguy witta beerd—Yutziz hardata rememba!"

Harold K. Brown '31

Mr. Canavan: (after Joyce has come into class five minutes after fire drill)
"And where have you been, Joyce?"

Thomas Joyce: "Believe it or not, Mr. Canavan, but I've been holding the nets for the firemen!"

* * * *

Doctor: "Did you do as I suggested and try a hot water bottle?"

Greenwood: "Yes, I've been drinking from one all day and it hasn't done me a bit of good."

Miss Powers: "What is the common impediment in the speech of America."
O'Gara: "Chewing gum."

* * * *

Bright Remarks by Famous Men—No. 1

Miss Kaliher: "How much time did you spend on your history last night?"

Morin: "Nine hours."

Miss Kaliher: "Come, come, my boy, be reasonable."

Morin: "I certainly did. I put it under my pillow and slept on it."

* * * *

Mr. Goodwin: "What is the dative of 'donum'?"

Gannon: "I—er—dunno."

Mr. Goodwin: "Correct, dono."

Spectacular Super-Slueths Make Startling Discovery

The column's two great super-slueths, Shylock Holmes and Philo France, spent last week in the research department of the Boston Public Library and unearthed some startling facts, hitherto unknown and unsuspected, concerning the voyage of Columbus to America. They brought to light a document believed to be written in Sanskrit, which we offer for your undivided and studious attention.

The opening of the story, it is believed, takes place soon after Columbus has left on his voyage to America on the Shamrock I to take the yachting mug away from the Indians.

It is midnight. A deadly quiet broods over the sea. Suddenly from the depths of the ship a dreadful accusation cuts like a knife through the deathlike silence.

"Ha! Trumps you shutt play by mine ace, eh? De foist principle by bridge, you shutt abolish, eh? Ha! We will go no farther until you get by you a book on brich by Sidney Lentz."

"Toin beck by de coissde ship," muttered de sellers. "We cannot go to Hamerica witt such brich. Do you wunt by huss a social calemmity?"

"Sell un," said Columbus. "I hev by me a wife in Spen, Portugel, end Eetly each. I cannot toin beck. To retoin would be a calemmity by me woiss. Sell un end un."

"Ha!" muttered de sellers. "A mirage by you shutt be a social calemmity by huss, eh? Deed we marry you?"

At this crucial moment a shout is heard from the lookout. "Lend! Lend! Hamerica by the Stetute from Livery end the Chritsler bilting."

"Ha!" said Columbus. "End do you see by me there a wife?"

"Aye. Peggy Hupkins Joyce is by the lending witt a hax," replied the lookout.

"Sell un," said Columbus.

This, children, is the inside truth of Columbus' voyage, and accounts for the great navigator's urgent desire to sail onward, ever onward.

Meanwhile, the two great super-slueths, Philo and Shylock, are on the trail again, and expect to offer more startling revelations to the public in the near future.

James Donna

Scotch Joke, No. 1,589,000

Andrews: "But, my friend, if you've found such a valuable ring, the law requires that you advertise for the rightful owner in the newspapers."

MacPherson: "Ay, mon, and which newspaper has the smallest circulation?"

* * * *

The other day, Blanchard stepped into a restaurant for a meal. He had been served a plate soup in which he found a fly.

"Say, waiter," he declared, "there's a fly in this soup."

"One moment, sir, replied the waiter, "One order of Flit in a hurry," he yelled.

* * * *

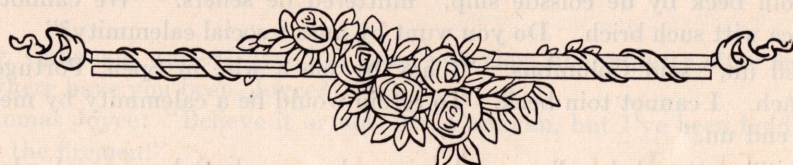
The universal question of the day seems to be:

"Why do all the unemployed musicians live in our apartment house?"

* * * *

D. Welton: "They tell me Chiodo is earning quite a little money for posing."

Albie Dixon: "Yes, they photograph his shadow for Lucky Strike ads."



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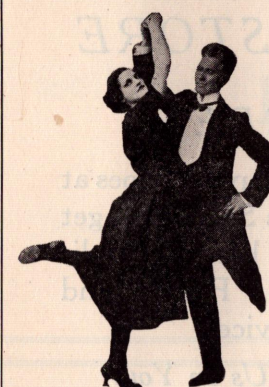
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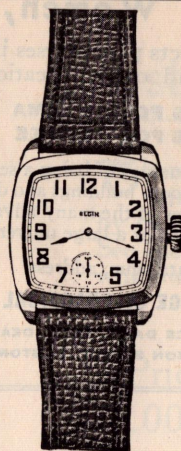
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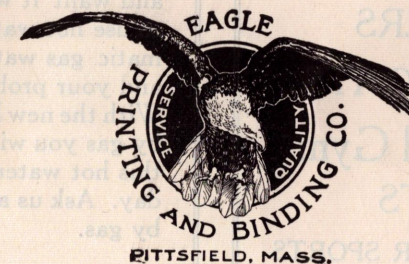
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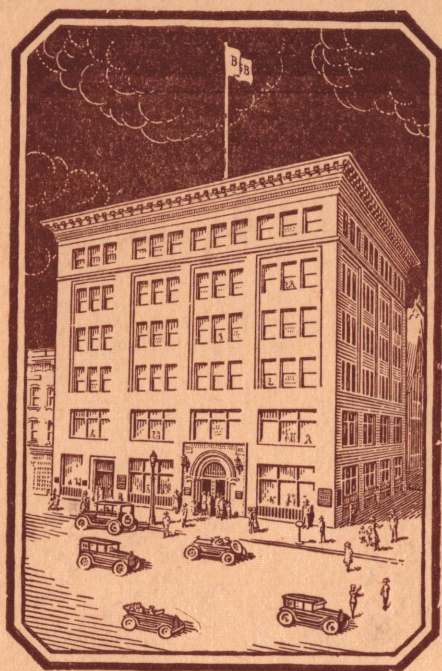
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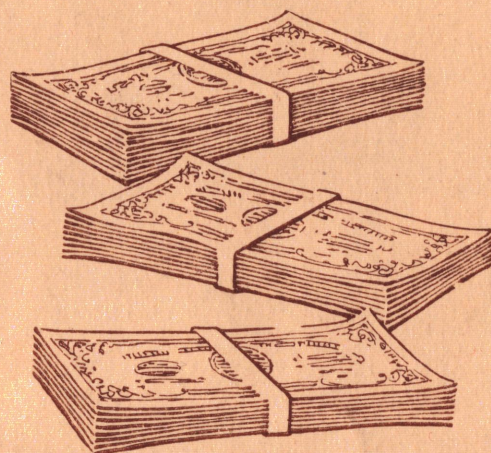
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October, 1930